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THE ILLUSTRATED CRYSTAL PALACE GAZETTE

Vol. I.—No. 2.]

NOVEMBER, 1853.

[THREEPENCE.]

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY AND ART.

It is, no doubt, an instance of human weakness—of a foolish proneness to exaggerate the importance of whatever is done by ourselves or in our time—that every age reckons itself the first of a new series of ages, the crisis of a nation's fate, or even a turning point in the destiny of the race. There is certainly a good deal of this vain and canting talk current in these days of ours. Nevertheless, exaggeration has always an inner soul of reality, and cant is but the lacquered counterfeit of sterling metal. We will, therefore, not be deterred from giving it our opinion, that Great Britain is now entering upon a new era in the history of industry and art.

We do not mean that either of these two branches of human activity has developed, or is about to develop, any attribute essentially new. Of that, we take it, they are of necessity incapable. Like the individual and the race, they were perfect, in conception, at their birth. They can but enlarge their sphere, gain new materials and new tools with which to work, increase the sum of benefits they confer; and in all these particulars, the present age is a new epoch. Within the memory of living men, cotton and steam, for example, have been added to the substances and the agencies of British industry—photography and oil-colour-printing, to the arts. And now the royal minds of the nation are set upon giving a novel direction, and imparting a fresh motive, to the hand of the workman and the fancy of the artist. It is the characteristic of this new era, that *universal benefits are sought to be promoted by the stimulus of unrestricted emulation.*

There is a sense in which it is true that industry and art have ever been sources of universal blessing. In those far-off times when a province went to purchase a queen's girdle,—when an army of labourers was impressed by the scourge to waste a lifetime in building a tyrant's tomb,—even then, in spite of this profligate expenditure on one side and consequent want on the other, there was provided food for the mouth and gladness for the eye of all by the workers with the plough and the chisel. And in those later times,

which it was once the fashion to call "Dark Ages," the serf was something bettered when his lord substituted a carpet for a litter of herbs, and the poorest was free to gaze upon masterpieces of architecture, painting, and sculpture. All this, however, was but like the gain of the Spitalfields weavers by the court ball: they might divide a few pounds extra among them by the spurt given to their trade, and they might take their ill-clad wives to see the fine company file into St. James'. Now, it is sought to bring the comforts and the graces of life within the proprietorship of the millions—to utterly extinguish destitution, and so far alleviate the pressure of poverty that it shall no more stunt a man's growth heavenward. We are yet a good way off the accomplishment of this purpose. After several years of remarkable prosperity, we have yet human beings pining away, out of sight, in cellars and garrets, on the earnings of a Hindoo; and very many shuffling through our streets in "looped and windowed wretchedness." The provision of such easily accessible and decently remunerative employment, that none shall say, "I cannot live by labour, though I would," is yet a feat for the future. There is no doubt that it can be done. No political economist—no one who knows anything of the resources of these islands—will dare to say that Great Britain and Ireland are too narrow for the comfortable sustenance of their present population. On every side of us there are plenteous materials yet unwrought. "There are more fish in the sea than will ever be taken." There are tens of thousands of acres of land, requiring nothing but the labour of the spade, and the refuse of our towns, to make them fruitful fields. We look up in prisons, or transport to penal colonies, men and boys who might maintain themselves in decency on the produce of these now barren acres; and we suffer to collect about the homes from which these diseased and passionate human creatures went forth to prey upon society, manure as precious as that we fetch from half-across the globe. In the islands at the top of Scotland, famine is almost chronic, though food might be taken from the very sea, if boats and nets were provided. In Ireland, it has been found out,

since the people were decimated by starvation, that the women have the means of life at their fingers' ends, and the men an infinitely better object of care than the potato. We refer to the manufactures taught in the Female Industrial Schools, and to the cultivation of flax. Mr. Maguire, M.P. for Cork, tells us, in his very instructive and finely written book on "The Development of Irish Industry," that although the cultivation of flax is always amply remunerative, there is an unsupplied demand of 80,000 tons, on the produce of 280,000 acres. He calculates that the annual consumption of Manchester, alone, would require the produce of 700,000 acres, and the crop might be sold at prices ranging from ten shillings, to six shillings and sixpence, per stone—or, scutched on the dry principle, it would produce about £50 sterling per ton. Knowing these things, and finding that, in one parish of the county Donegal, there were twenty-two scutching mills, a greater number than in the whole province of Munster, the people of Cork opened a flax market in their city on the 4th of February, 1853, thus placing the people in the surest way of discovering the remunerative returns of the crop, by establishing a market for its disposal within a convenient distance of their homes. Of the flax mill at Trabolgan, our author gives us the following account:—

Mr. Roche commenced his arduous undertaking on the 1st of September, 1852, and was at full work in the following December. The mill, which, estimating its extent by the number of stocks it contains, is larger than almost any other mill in Ireland, is capable of considerable extension. The machinery consists of twenty-four stocks, with a break for crushing the flax, and a set of powerful rollers, for detaching the seed—all driven by a steam-engine of twenty-five horse power. The flax is treated entirely on the dry principle, which is simple in its process, and sure in the result. The straw is first taken from the stack—many a goodly row of which is to be seen in a spacious haggard; it is then carried to the mill, where it is seeded, by being passed rapidly through the rollers, and then beaten against stands of timber frame-work, by which the crushed bol, or pod, is completely deprived of what seed has escaped the roller. The flax then undergoes a drying process, in a room artificially heated; after which it is taken to the breaking machine, through which it is passed, by which process the straw is prepared for the scutcher. It is then sent down, by a wooden shoot, into the scutching-mill, where it is supplied by a number of attendants to the scutchers, who submit it to the last process, by which the shive, or woody particle, is separated from the fibre, and the flax is brought to any quality that the proprietor may choose, according to the particular market to which it is destined. The scutched flax is then taken by women to the tying-house, where it is made up in bundles packed in bales, and prepared for immediate ship



ment. The waste, or tow, is passed through a machine suited to its preparation, which is driven by the steam-engine, being thus cleaned to a considerable extent, and rendered fit for market, to be afterwards manufactured into various coarse articles. The straw, after the separation of a portion of the farming establishment with the flax-mill, nothing goes in waste, but everything is turned to the best account. Immediately attached to this concern is the corn-barn, the thrashing-machine of which is driven by the same engine, together with various winnowing machines for cleaning both corn and flax seed. At the back of the steam-engine, two large kilns are erected for the purpose of steaming food for pigs, horses, and cattle. This important result is produced without any additional expense, by taking advantage of the waste steam from the engine. In these kilns, which, with almost everything else connected with the concern, were invented by Mr. Roche, from ten to twenty tons of mangold wurzel or turnips can be steamed at one time; and the liquor which is distilled from the roots during the process of steaming, and which, from mangold wurzel especially, comes off in a species of rich molasses, is preserved in a tank placed immediately underneath. In this liquor the flax bolls and refuse of the flax seed are steeped; and the whole is barrowed off to a numerous colony of promising Berkshires, that are kept in commodious sties placed all round. The shoves, or woody substances, which are detached in the scutching process in large quantities, are used equally for the scutching or littering cattle. A general idea has prevailed as to the worthlessness of this particular refuse; but it entirely depends on the mode according to which the straw from which it is detached is treated. If the flax has been treated on the dry principle, and not steeped, the shove is highly nutritious when mixed with turnips, mangolds, and other roots, and acts as a useful agent of digestion; but if the flax has been steeped, this refuse is absolutely poisonous to animals, and almost equally injurious to the land, if put to it. This seems to have been thoroughly understood by the old farmers of the country; for they invariably took care to throw aside this portion of the flax plant in such places as that it could not come back upon the land, and have been seen piling on the roof of a pigsty, or flung amidst weeds in remote places. Mr. Roche intends to attach an oil-mill to this concern, for the purpose of extracting the oil from the seed; and by selling the oil, instead of disposing of the seed, he will be enabled to preserve the cake for feeding purposes, having several hundred head of cattle on the farm. In fact, as I before remarked, nothing goes waste under the careful management of a man of intelligence and practical mind. Everything relating to the fibre, as well as the good seed, goes to market direct, and all the refuse, such as bolls or chaff, shoves or woody particles, and dirty seed, is consumed on the farm, either for the food or litter of cattle. There are many things connected with the Trabolgan Flax-mill which are worthy of notice, but for which it is impossible to find space. However, there are a few which it would be improper to omit. The number of persons employed, including men, women, and young people, is about 200; all of whom, with a rare exception, have been brought up on the estate upon which those whose labour may be under the denomination of "skilled," have been actually taught by Mr. Roche, who has acted from the first moment on his own plans, and carried into practice his own ideas. He acquired his knowledge in the best possible way. He first read every book which he could procure in reference to the cultivation of flax; and, having made himself thoroughly master of the theory of the subject, he pursued his investigation in the most systematic manner, by visiting several of the concerns in England, Ireland, and closely inspecting their modes of operations; thus adding to his theoretical knowledge practical application. Having made himself master of the whole subject, he set about the erection of his mill, the machinery of which was put up by Mr. Peratt, of the Great Five Foundry, according to his directions, and partly under his inspection. And it may be mentioned, that from the first moment that the machinery was set in motion, in December last, it never once stopped through accident or breakdowns, which reflect equal credit on the inventor and the manufacturer.

This is a magnificent illustration of what may be done by the patriotic enterprise of a single individual. Mr. Maguire's book contains several such. He describes the Mayfield cotton factory, in the county of Waterford, the property of two brothers, of the Society of Friends,—a concern which has grown up in less than thirty years, from a mere local convenience to an establishment of world-wide connexions; employing 1,500 hands, and affording to all the inestimable blessings of unsectarian teaching and elevating entertainment. Still more interesting is Mr. Maguire's account of the Female Industrial movement, commenced in 1846. Previously to that time, there were no factories, no employment for girls, no incentive to exertion. In Cork alone, thousands grew up in helpless and hopeless idleness—each a burden on her humble parents, and a peril to herself:—

And when the bad times came, and the heads of poor families—the father and the elder brother—were struck down, by want of employment, disease, or death, the condition of its female members was desolate beyond description. Their misery was then intense. But it was at the very moment when the hour of their despair seemed darkest, that the morn of hope was about breaking on the horizon. The first dawn of the industrial movement was one of the purest Christian charity; and the feeble germ of such glorious fruitfulness was watered by the tears of womanly sympathy that softly fell, like dew from heaven, from compassionate eyes and noble hearts, upon the sorrows and sufferings of the young, the helpless, and the afflicted. In that chastening hour of national tribulation, every breast beat with a responsive throb; and how to grapple with that dire, all-pervading distress, or how to save even a few from the flood of desolation that covered the land, was the universal feel-

ing. Nor did the slightest taint of sectarian jealousy sully the sublime charity of the hour,—the voice of nature, crying out in its misery, was alone heard and responded to; and in the desire to do good, to succour a common humanity, people were brought together, felt together, and acted together, who had been estranged from each other all their lives. The first impulse was to give immediate relief—for hunger had written its dread characters, as if with a graver's chisel, on the soft features of girlish youth, and death was poisoning its fatal shaft over many a young head. Accordingly, benevolent ladies, in many parts of Ireland, especially the south and west, gathered round them some of the most helpless and miserable objects whom they could find, and fed, and clad, and warmed them, drew the poor shivering, starving creatures to their bosoms, and proved to them that in their woman's sympathy was manifest the ever-merciful providence of God. The next step in the movement was one of reflection and deliberation. To relieve a momentary want was, no doubt, an imperative duty; but to render that relief permanent, was even more imperative still. How this was to be done, was then the question. Even the most purely impulsive and unreflecting saw that industrial employment was the great want of the country, and the especial want of the hour, and that industrial employment for young females was, above and beyond all, the essential want of Irish society. It would not be just to say that this had never been thought of before the cry of a nation's distress had flashed it, with the force of light, upon the public mind. It had been thought of, and it had been acted on, and in instances not the less noble because they were comparatively rare. There had been useful efforts made at industrial training in many of the schools of the country, particularly in those belonging to convents; and a few private individuals had also attempted it, with more or less success.

From this wise and benevolent effort sprang the schools the work of whose pupils is a principal attraction in the Dublin Exhibition. We cannot describe as we should wish, its steady growth, and its beneficial results; but we will copy a few figures that tell the tale with eloquent brevity. These are the yearly payments to the pupils:—

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Two months of 1846, when payment first began | £5 15 10 |
| The year 1847 | 216 10 6 |
| Do. 1848 | 325 18 1 |
| Do. 1849 | 429 8 10 |
| Do. 1850 | 430 13 2 |
| Do. 1851 | 564 8 9½ |
| Do. 1852 | 645 17 3¼ |
| Total payments | £2,501 12 6 |

Mr. Maguire is a Roman Catholic, and refers, with a very well-grounded pride, to the usefulness of the various nunneries in advancing the industrial education of the female; poor. The nuns of the Ursuline Presentation Convent of Blackrock commenced the teaching of crochet work in their school during the year 1845. They were enabled that year to pay the children £90 from the produce of the work; and in the year 1852 their payments, arising from the sales, amounted to £1,200. The wages of the children range from two shillings and sixpence to twelve shillings per week; and Mr. Maguire mentions cases in which the children of the same family have earned £1 6s. per week. It should be remembered, too, that the ages of the children are from ten to only fourteen; but it is not an uncommon thing, the author adds, "to see a child twelve or thirteen years old varying the pattern set before her, and imparting new attractions to her work, by the most delicate and beautiful additions, suggested by her own fancy. Some are so clever, that they use the pattern with the utmost freedom, selecting those portions of it of which their taste approves, and combining the remainder into the most elegant and fantastical designs. And these are the daughters of rude fishermen and uneducated labourers."

Without troubling the reader with further illustrations, we may point to Ireland as a triumphant proof at once of the resolution which is now felt to make wide as the wants of humanity the provision which industry educes from Nature for the supply of these necessities. That it is not rude material wants alone that it is sought to relieve, the splendour of the Fine Art department in the Dublin Exhibition sufficiently displays. And as to the influence of Exhibitions such as those of Hyde Park, Cork, Dublin, and New York, on the education at once of power and of taste, we will push aside our own reflections, that the gentleman who has furnished us with the above information, may also display his power of eloquently expressing thoughts common to us all:—

Is it of no advantage, I would ask, to awaken intelligence, to excite emulation, to impart knowledge? Is it of no advantage to exhibit the gradual progress of a nation in the arts of civilized life, and urge the mind of a country to bolder efforts, and more glorious achievements? Is it of no advantage to educate the masses in a practical school of illustration, in which the object, and the use to which it is applied, are both explained, and in

which every improvement in the useful and elegant arts is traced, step by step, from the first rude effort to the last approach to perfection? Is it of no advantage that the artist should be stimulated to a severer study of his profession, or inspired to nobler triumphs in his art,—that the manufacturer should be roused to greater exertion, and to a juster view of his position in the field of enterprise?—that the mechanic should receive new ideas, by which his labour might be lightened, his skill assisted, and his taste refined? It was emulation that, through the rivalry of public display, drew forth the genius of the susceptible Greek; that inspired the soul of the poet; that imparted fire and pathos to the pen of the dramatist and historian; that dipped the pencil of the painter in the hues of life, and light, and beauty; that guided the chisel of the sculptor, as, from the rude lumpy block of marble, he created types of human loveliness and grandeur, which have survived the crash and ruin of empires and of nations, and are to this day sources of inspiration to the artist, delight to the scholar, and refinement to all. It is the same principle now as it was more than two thousand years since. The forms of society may change, but man is ever the same being, susceptible of the same impressions, and acted on by the same influences. What the Olympic games and other public festivals of Greece were to the poet, the historian, or the sculptor, of former days, the Exhibitions of modern times are to the inventor, the manufacturer, and the artisan. Fame and honour are no longer confined to him who produces a poem, a tragedy, a history, a picture, or a statue; they are equally conferred, in these more practical days, upon him who adds to the comfort, or ministers to the material wants, of the human family. The former are the less honoured because the latter are the more appreciated.

HINTS TO ARCHITECTS IN DESIGNING HOTELS FOR SYDENHAM AND NORWOOD.

How large and how various an offspring even already has Sir Joseph Paxton's design of the Crystal Palace at Hyde Park brought forth! The time allotted for its completion, and the temporary nature of its purposes precluded from that noble conception those admirable utilitarian details of which experience has proved it susceptible. The idea embodied in Hyde Park combined all the grandeur of perfect simplicity with originality. This, as by the Egyptian sphinxes of old, was the impression made upon all; but only a few perceived that this new order of external architecture might and would prove suggestive of many striking and useful novelties of internal arrangements. The Palace at Sydenham is full of these, some so practical as to make a given space afford twice the accommodation for moving bodies ever before contemplated; others so ingenious as even to deceive the senses. This great example of how much may be done by improving upon the old modes of arranging the interiors, either for easier communication or more complete seclusion, will naturally be carried out in House construction; more especially as regards what are termed Family Hotels.

An apt illustration of this will be conveyed in the series or chain of hotels now in course of construction on the crown of Westow-hill, Upper Norwood, about three minutes' walk from the Palace. Who has not felt the annoyance of want of privacy at these domiciles? To prevent intrusion or annoyance parties must be shut up in their own apartments; instantly they leave them, the one common staircase and doorway painfully remind them they are not "at home." Now it is evident from the designs for the three hotels facing the high road on Westow-hill, that this *ne plus ultra* of every family will be attained. In the centre will be the large hotel, and a smaller detached one on each side, but all connected by corridors running from each of their floors. The cuisine and all other sumptuary operations will be carried on in offices attached to the central hotel, leaving the end hotels as private as any home dwelling, each floor having a separate entrance by means of a handsome covered flight of steps from the grounds without.

The mews belonging to the establishment is equally novel in principle, and admirable for convenience. A private road runs back at right angles to the frontage of the hotels, the road being on an incline. The carriage-houses will be built on a level thrown over this incline, and the stabling for the horses, sufficient for at least 150, will be beneath.

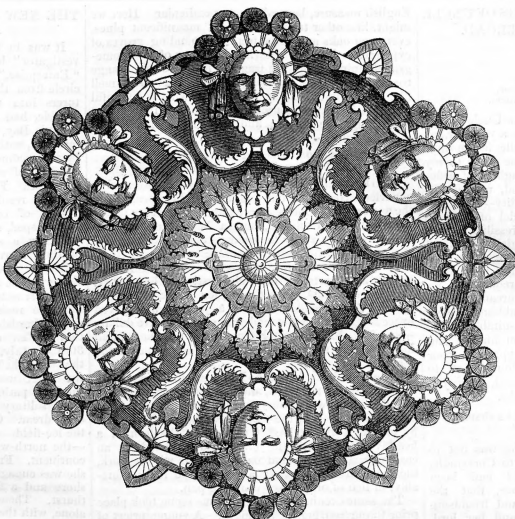
Having been informed that Mr. Puget is the architect, we cannot but congratulate him on his felicitous design; especially on his adaptation of the seventy rooms, which the edifices contain, to the prospect around—the site being one of the most commanding for extensive views in Norwood. These hotels, we are informed, will be completed and opened on the first of May, 1854, the same day as the "Palace of Light."

PALISSY THE POTTER.*

BERNARD PALISSY was born at Saintes in the early part of the sixteenth century, and was bred to the occupation of a glass maker and stainer, by which he was enabled to earn a scanty subsistence for himself and wife, whose crosses are set forth in the work now under notice. On being accidentally shown an earthen cup, enamelled and painted with great perfection, he took counsel with his own thoughts, and, on consideration, as he himself confessed, that God had gifted him with some knowledge of drawing, he determined to discover the process of making enamel.

In those days, when patents were unknown, the secrets of science and art were jealously guarded; and Palissy being ignorant of the different properties of clays, and without having heard or read of what substances enamels were formed, had to proceed step by step in his experiment, toiling for years, apparently without hope, and certainly without any sympathy. He pounded and ground everything that he thought likely to form a white enamel, which he knew to be the groundwork of all others. He broke earthen pots without number, and baked them, with portions of his material on each, in furnaces heated at different degrees. And thus years passed away, and found him still pounding and grinding new materials, breaking every piece of crockery that came in his way, and erecting new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed his wood, and his time, and everything but his energy and trustful patience, so well expressed in his motto—"Faint but pursuing." After blundering, as he says, for sixteen years, and successively burning the palings of his garden, then the tables and flooring of his house, to feed his insatiable furnaces, and being almost burnt up himself by watching and supplying them for six days and six nights, he was partially rewarded by discovering the means of making small vessels of different enamels, intermixed in the manner of jaspers, which supplied the means of existence for his family, and enabled him to bring to perfection the designs and fancies that had so long haunted his imagination, not, however, without many failures and disappointments, and at times with such heaviness of spirit, that he thought before he succeeded he should be at the door of his sepulchre. But Bernard's faith was too pure, and the habit was so fixed in his character of seeking strength and support in all his trials from that source alone whence it can be obtained, that his despondency was never of long duration. After his severest disappointments, a walk in the woods or green lanes, the contemplation of the commonest wild flower, or the sight of a lizard crossing his path, would lead him from the study of Nature up to Nature's God; and he bowed with humbleness to the will that seemed to deny success to all his efforts.

His productions, however, now began to be in great request, and he was appointed to decorate the Chateau d'Ecquen, for the constable Montmorency; but France then being the theatre of rival factions, Palissy drew upon himself the enmity of the Catholics, by establishing a reformed congregation at Saintes. He was arrested and confined in a dungeon at Bordeaux; and only saved from the fate of a martyr from the fact of his productions having become a want to the great and powerful, who interfered on his behalf, and procured the appointment of inventor of Rustic Faïences to the King of France; and henceforth the humble potter was known as Master Bernard, of the Tuileries. Here he remained in peaceful enjoyment, protected even during the terrible massacres of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, devoting his time to the study of nature and the perfection of his art, till 1585, when the reformed religion being strictly prohibited, the



sturdy potter, at 75 years of age, was sent to the Bastille, and confined four years, until his enemies, who were clamorous for his death, solicited Henry III. to sign the warrant for his execution. The king, however, was partial to the ancient servant of his mother, and endeavoured to convert him, but was rebuked by the memorable answer, "That the Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel the potter to bow down to images of clay."

The work before us, though written with great ease and lightness, has the same earnestness of purpose that marks all the writings of the author of "Mary Powell;" and though there are few passages that can be extracted, there are many that may profitably be taken to heart; so we can recommend it to the attentive perusal of our readers, trusting that all their provocations may have as happy a termination as those of Madame Palissy.

We have engraved an example of the works of Palissy, copied from a work in the British Museum. We believe specimens of his work may be seen at Marlborough House.

THE POMPEIAN HOUSE.

THE ruins of Pompeii are situated in Western Italy, on the south side of Mount Vesuvius. The volcanic eruption by which the city was destroyed took place A.D. 79. It burst upon the fated inhabitants whilst they were absorbed in the diversions of the theatre. This appalling catastrophe was, in its accompaniments, totally unlike the ordinary eruptions of Vesuvius. Dion Cassius says, "Day was turned into night, and light into darkness; an inexpressible quantity of dust and ashes was poured out, deluging land, sea, and air, and burying two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii." Pliny writes to Tacitus,—"It was first observed by a cloud, of a very unusual size and shape, which appeared ascending from Mount Vesuvius. It resembled a pine tree, and shot up a great height, in the form of a trunk, and extended itself at the top into a sort of branches, appearing sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted. As the eruption increased in intensity it became darker than the most obscure night, although day everywhere else, the only light being that which proceeded from the fire and flames; neither was it till the third day after the awful visitation that the atmosphere became free from obscurity." The Christians imagined that the day of judgment had come, as they saw from out the darkness, by the lightning's vivid flash, the summits of the mountains rolling to and fro, with an indescribable noise, and running along their sides streams, as it were, of molten metal, while intense columns of black smoke rolled upwards, and showers of burning embers descended upon the city, prostrating with agony, affright, and dismay, all its inhabitants, destroying many, and ultimately burying, by the ever-in-

creasing accumulation of cinders and fragments of rocks, houses, theatres, and temples.

Excavations of the buried city have long been prosecuted, and wondrous tales has the work disclosed. Skeletons of misers in the act of making off with their hoards, keys in hand,—on a seat with a circular roof, by the way-side, a woman with an infant in her arms, and two other children at her knees, all ornamented with jewels,—bake-houses, wineshops, and workshops, with all the varied implements of the culinary art,—the raised footway, the wheel-worn track of the carriage-road,—all these, and much more, are to be seen in this long-silent city. The statues of heroes, the hall of judgment, the theatres, the amphitheatre—in which many a civilized Roman once sat smiling while a Numidian lion tore in pieces a human being, or gladiators contended with each other, and slaves were devoured by wild beasts—residences of the rich and of the poor—all are opened up to the eye of as many as the King of Naples will so indulge.

An exact representation of one of these Pompeian dwellings is now being completed at the south transept of the Sydenham Palace, after the plan of the "house of the Nereids and the Tragic Poet, at Pompeii." The first entrance is called the Vestibule. The room adjoining is the Atrium, or common family room—being the most important room in an ancient house, where visitors were received, where strangers assembled to obtain an audience, and the family themselves met each other. It is apparently open to the sky—being, of course, preserved from the weather by the glazed roof of the Palace, throwing complete day-light into the room, and prominently displaying the enriched cornice, supported by groups of carved winged figures, beautifully gilded, and other elaborate devices. A series of hunting scenes is painted between these figures, in white, on a warm, coloured ground. The walls—the mouldings of which are carefully drawn in the plaister, as in the original at Pompeii—are decorated with paintings on panels of differently coloured back-grounds, representing scenes in mythological history—fabulous animals, allegorical monsters, centaurs, floral and other varied details, finished in so masterly, graceful, and delicate a style, as must call forth unanimous applause. One singular effect—founded upon the principle of portrait painting—that the light should be subdued in the lower parts of the picture—is admirably carried out, by regulating the gradations of colour; the deepest colour being at the base, the brighter tints about the centre, and the upper part a warm white—which produces the agreeable sensation of harmony to the feelings as well as to the eye. In the centre of the room is the Impluvium, or cistern, and an ornamental fountain. The smaller apartments are furnished after the same style of decoration; as is, also, the Tablinum, which was the chief part of a Roman dwelling, where everything was preserved that was valuable or held sacred. Passing hence, you reach another apartment called the Peristyle, or private room, also open at the top, and surrounded by a colonnade; the floors, paved in variegated mosaic and other coloured stones. The only thing that seems a drawback from the commodiousness of the house is the smallness of the sleeping apartments. We could not help thinking that the figure of an ancient noble Roman, reclining on his couch in his private apartment, with one end of the toga over his left shoulder, falling below the knee and covering the arms with its folds down to the hand, the right arm remaining at liberty, his tall shoes on his feet, and his rings on his fingers, would complete the illusion of the scene.

"No, sae bad," says a north country friend.—When you make up your mind to make a speech, copy the cook; who, preparing a sheep's head, never dishes up the tongue without the brains.

* The Provocations of Madame Palissy. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Printed for Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., Finsbury-row.

A SKETCH OF THE WANDERINGS OF UNCLE DAVID AT HOME AND ABROAD.

No. IV.

"For 'a' that and 'a' that,
Our trol's obscure and 'a' that;
An honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is chief 'o' men for 'a' that."—*Burton.*

During my residence in Carrara, says Uncle David, I had the happiness to be introduced to a younger son of the late Marquis Pisani, of Corvenalle, in the same neighbourhood, who had, a short time prior to my arrival, been married to the only daughter of a deceased marble merchant, from Scotland, named Gilchrist, a young lady of great respectability—"a perfect model of form in the sculptor's eye, and charms inexpressible for the painter's pencil." Strangers from England were often invited to their festive board, and, amongst the rest, a Yorkshire speculator in marble, having an agency for some house in London, and chiefly remarkable for his extravagance in catering for the epicurean appetites of the more wealthy portion of the inhabitants, which, with his ignorance in selecting marble suitable for the English market, soon brought ruin upon himself and his employers. Terrified at the near approach—poor man—of the day of reckoning, he hurried off to Leghorn, and there, at the European Hotel, destroyed himself in a way too shocking to describe.

"Self-murder! name it not—our island's shame!
No frenzy half so desperate as this."

All things considered, this catastrophe was not to be wondered at, for, on my next visit to Corvenalle, the lady alluded to, after the deed had been committed, assured me, in confidence, that the suicide, notwithstanding the intimacy and friendship which seemed to exist between him and her lord, had basely made repeated proposals to induce her to clope with him to England—a plot, had it been once whispered in the ears of the marquis, the ruffian would doubtless have been spared the trouble of sacrificing his own worthless life. But enough of this, having some errors of mine once to enumerate by and bye; and, truly, they are "neither few nor far between."

Bidding good-bye to the young lady in Carrara for a season, and crossing the gulph of Spezzia, I landed on the small island of Portovenere, in the Mediterranean, in search of some blocks of variegated marble (usually called black and gold); and having purchased a lot of the best quality, proceeded along the coast towards Genoa—and a more picturesque route, or one better adapted to the pencil of a Stanfield, or Carmichael, no marine painter could desire. Arriving at the majestic city of Genoa—la Superba, as the natives call it, we—for I was not now travelling alone—were not a little astonished on approaching the stately palaces of the city to find the majority of them situated in the narrowest of all narrow streets, where it is impossible for two carriages of the usual size to pass each other; so that we, rather than wait to turn for our turn, had to walk about a mile to our inn, and leave the driver of our calisaino to follow at his leisure. After a few hours' comfortable repose on a buoyant bed—composed of the broad dried leaves of Indian corn—our first inquiry was for the Academy of Arts, where we found a party of young students eagerly engaged in drawing and modelling from the *life*, at the early hour of six in the morning! A strange contrast, truly, to the practice of students elsewhere.

After spending a day in visiting picture galleries, churches, and other public buildings, we went to the evening performance at the Theatre Royal, where the King of Sardinia was present; but being ignorant of this until after the first act of the opera was over, I stood up in the theatre, with my white English beaver, when a tall, bearded officer in uniform, gave me such a blow on the head with a huge cane as I could not soon forget, telling me, with a savage look, that I ought to be ashamed to stand there covered in presence of the king—which, till that moment, I had not been aware of. The opera was succeeded by a *baller* of unusual splendour; an attempt, says someone, to represent a story by means of dancing, in which the performers hop over the first part, skip over the second, and jump to an absurd conclusion in the third—reminding me forcibly of Dibden's description of the Jack-tar who, on landing at Wapping, was told that his Moll had gone off to the play, but mistaking the Opera in the Haymarket for 'Old Drury,' mounted to one of "the uppermost tiers," and thus describes a portion of the performance:—

"Next, at hopping and skipping they took a long spell,
All springing and bounding so neat;
And specially one, called Madam Moselle,
Oh! she daintily handled her feet.
But she hopp'd and she sprawl'd, and she spun round
So queer—"

"Twain, you see, rather oddish to me—
And then I sang out—'Pray be decent, my dear;
Consider, I'm just come from sea.'"

Regretting (not for the first time, certainly) our want of the *needful*, or *brasso-relievo*, we asked for our bill, and found, though the charges were moderate, we must be "Off, off and away!" for, as Goldsmith has it, "To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise in the estimation of your friends." So we left Genoa with a good grace, and retraced our steps by the sea-side to Spezzia, Sarzana, Massa di Carrara, Sarreazza (where the lamented Shelley's bones were burnt by Byron in due form), and so on to Pisa, another ancient city of magnificent palaces, churches, &c., of great splendour in architectural, pictorial, and sculptural beauty, with the far-famed Leaning Tower in the background, which, I may add, is still without the least visible rent, though seven stories in height, and hanging, it is said, thirteen feet,

English measure, beyond the perpendicular. Here we might, like other travellers, talk of magnificent pines, evergreen oaks and olive trees, surrounding groves of cypresses, while the glowing blossoms of the pomegranate mingle with the fragrant flows of the orange tree and jasmine; but though I have taste and smell like other folks, I know little about what is beautiful or grand in nature, consequently, the less I say about such things the better; and, like Bion, in speaking of the Apollo—

"I leave to artists and their apes to tell,
And desist the indelible."

Two hours after leaving Pisa we were snugly seated in our friend George Thomson's hotel at Leghorn, where the extraordinary messes served up to us in other places were carefully excluded, and a beef steak or veal cutlet were aye ready for your reception, with all the et ceteras, "on the most reasonable terms."

Having squared up "all right" with my marble agent, and partaken of their unstinted hospitality we took our seats, *per returning*, for Rome, by way of Sienna, Acquapendente, &c.; a journey we enjoyed exceedingly, and at the moderate cost of twelve dollars—say fifty shillings—including coach fare, board and lodging every night for a week, at the best inns on the road.

About midway between Leghorn and Sienna we made a halt for the night, where an opportunity was afforded us of witnessing the Tuscan mode of firing or warming beds in the winter season, which is done by placing a wicker basket thereon in the form of a bee-hive, and, after the maiden has hooked on an earthen vessel of hot charcoal within the wicker-work, the sheets are thrown over all, and done for comfortably, in lieu of our copper warming pan.

The same evening a most ludicrous scene took place prior to our retiring for the night. A young priest of our party being much fatigued, had lain himself down under the covert, unseen by the maid in attendance, when she was about to perform the operation just alluded to, and the poor fellow falling fast asleep, the pot of hot charcoal was unwittingly placed so near his person that his priesthood suddenly awoke from his slumber, shouting lustily, and uttering something very like an oath, to the great amusement of all assembled, particularly the dashing young landlady of the Hotel, who, in accordance with the fashion of the country, was clad in a stylish dress of the gayest colours to receive her visitors; but, fearing I may be stretching too much on your space allotted to correspondents, I shall defer my *garn* of a winter's sojourn in Rome for the present, and, wishing your "Illustrated Gazette" every possible success,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Sydenham, Oct. 25, 1853.

U. D. D.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—On Sunday, Oct. 23, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon at Beckenham Church in behalf of the funds of the Church Missionary Society, and though his Grace is now in the seventy-third year of his age, his articulation was excellent, and his discourse most eloquent. "Would," adds our Sydenham correspondent, "the good bishop could be persuaded to perform a similar service for this locality, that funds might be speedily raised for lighting the path-ways to places of worship, which have hitherto been so miserably deficient in this important particular, notwithstanding the abundance of gas produced daily in the immediate vicinity. All the world has, by this time, heard of Sydenham; but will it be said, that a place of such importance, so situated, as it is, within seven miles of the greatest metropolis in Christendom—being without one single gas-lamp to guide the well-disposed to the churches, on the evening of the Sabbath day? *Pro salute animæ!*"

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Amongst the visitors lately, we may mention the following:—Dr. Bridgman, Horatio Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and party, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. Jones Lloyd, Mrs. Russell and party, J. J. Bell, Esq., and party, Mrs. T. Christy and the Misses Christy, Mr. Madden and friends, Mrs. Phillips and party, N. Jennings, Esq., and large party, Mr. Yapp, Mr. Henry Thompson and family, J. P. D. Stephens, and Miss J. A. Stephens, Mrs. Tritton and party, Dr. and Mrs. Maclure, Mr. and Mrs. F. Stone and family, Dr. and Mrs. Lankester, Mr. H. Da Silva, Miss Eason and party, of Dorking, Lady Paxton and party, Mrs. G. Drummond and friends, Mr. G. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. Orr and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. Crowley, and the Misses Crowley, Mr. H. and S. and Miss Sitwell and party, Irving Wood, Miles Berkley, Esq., &c. &c. De Wynter, W. Macdonald, Esq. M.P., Captain J. Thurburn, R.N., Rev. W. B. Delmar, Dawson Damer, Esq., and Miss D. Damer, Allan Ashier, Esq., New Orleans, U.S.A., Mrs. Boscowan, J. Berry, Esq. Dublin, Edward De Roos, Esq., an accountant, Stratford De Redcliffe and party, Rev. E. A. Dalrymple, of Virginia, U.S.A., Rev. W. Payne, Mrs. and Miss Payne, F. J. Weld, Esq., Joshua Mayer, Esq., F.S.A., of Liverpool, Mr. McCulloch, John Stevenson, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mrs. and Miss Duncan Stewart, Joshua Grant, Esq., Edinburgh, Mr. Michaelwaite, of Leeds, H. P. Chalmers, Esq., Dr. W. E. Chisolm, of New York, Colonel and Mrs. Dickenson, G. Dyson, Esq., J. E. Game, Esq., St. Kitts, W. T. M. Wythlaw, Esq., Melbourne, N.S.W., S. W. Johnson, Furnambuco, and Lady Hotham. Lord Ringwood, the Russian Ambassador, Count and Countess Primoli, Jose Tomas Ventora, Matangas of Cuba. Upon inquiry we find, notwithstanding the very bad weather, the visitors increase, and the different parties from which they come clearly demonstrates the interest taken in the "Palace of Light."

THE NEW CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

It was in the spring of 1850, that the ship "Investigator" left these shores, in company with the "Enterprise," on an endeavour to penetrate the arctic circle from the eastern point. Most previous adventurers into that region of the unknown and the terrible, had made their way through the misnamed Baffin's Bay, or through Hudson's Straits; and had returned, with the melancholy exception of Franklin, by the common avenue of Davis's Straits. On the eve of starting, Captain McClure declared, "I will find Franklin or the north-west passage."

In that resolve he persevered, even to the disobeying of orders—and he has touched, if he has not grasped, success. The "Enterprise" was driven back by a swell of ice serge. Captain Kellett, of the "Herald," commanding on that station, signalled to McClure to return. But on, through the Eastern gate of Nature's broadest fastness—alone, by an almost untraced way, like an Orpheus descending into the realms of Pluto—the brave ship went; daring hardship as an inevitable lot, and destruction as an ever-imminent peril. It was on the 30th of July, 1850, the "Enterprise" parted from the "Herald"—turned her back, as it were, upon the outer world, and devoted herself to a relentless path. It was but two days before a tempest, solitary sea was exchanged for a solitude even more drear. On the 2nd of August, the ship touched the ice-field. On the 5th, she rounded Point Barrow—the north-west extremity of the North American continent. From that day to the end of the month, she was engaged in forcing her way between a frozen shore and a frozen sea—Call it what you will—Be-thrust. Thence she struck out into the icy ocean alone, with the view of finding an outlet into Barrow's Straits—in fact, of discovering a or the north-west passage. On the 7th of September, Commander McClure sighted land on the north, stretching away to the east. This he called Baring Island. Two days later he discovered another coast line, south of the former—this he set down as the country of Prince Albert's Land; christening the channel between the two after the Prince of Wales.

In this strait—four miles from land—the "Investigator" became a fixture on the 6th of October, 1850. There she lay, fast icelocked, till the 14th of July following. During these nine months, the officers and crew were not idle—not bent down upon such sports as arctic solitudes afford, or their own wit could devise. Before the end of the first month, they had traced the channel in which their ship lay, up to Barrow's Straits. They had thus advanced one hundred and twenty miles upon the ice further than a previous explorer in the same direction. And more, they had entitled themselves to write their names in their log-book. "Discovered the entrance into Barrow's Strait in lat. 73.30 N. long. 114.14 W., which establishes the existence of a north-west passage."

Had the ice refrained but a few days longer from closing up, the vessel that had entered Behring's Straits in July would have emerged into Baffin's Bay in October. Meanwhile, expeditions were made which have added considerably to our knowledge of arctic geography.

On the 14th of July, 1851, the ice relaxed its hold upon the ship, and she was pushed on, with incessant effort, towards the discovered outlet. But in one month—so brief the summer in those hyperborean parts!—winter had again closed its jealous fist upon the unfortunate navigators. In one day they drifted less than fifty miles under a north-east wind, and the "ice pack" which drives before it. Only by tremendous exertions could they come within a mile of Baring's Island. Up this coast they persevered in pushing their way until the 24th of September, when they made the following entry:—

At daylight, observing Barrow's Straits full of ice, and large masses setting into this bay, determined upon making this our winter quarters, and finding a well-sheltered spot upon the south side of the shoal upon which we last night grounded, ran in and anchored in four fathoms, lat. 74.6 N., long. 117.54 W. This night were frozen in, and have not since moved. The position is most excellent, being well protected from the heavy ice by the protection of the reef, which throws it clear of the ship 600 yards.

Fortunately, on the hills surrounding this "Bay of Mercy," the imprisoned mariners found an abundance of reindeer and hares—affording them, at once, diversion and food; of the latter, no less than 4,000 lbs. In April, 1852, a party set out from the ship—traversed the ice to Melville's Island, and there, in a narrative document describing the whereabouts of the "Investigator." By a remarkable coincidence, this deposit was discovered by the officers of that very ship, the "Herald," from which the "Investigator" had parted on the other side of the Polar sphere. And when found, Commander McClure and his men were just about deserting their immovable home, and attempting a journey on foot to one of the points of rendezvous. But Captain Kellett despatched Lieut. Pin to complete the circuit. We must really fall back upon the last resource of a writer overpowered by his theme, and say, "it would be easier to imagine than describe" the meeting of the friends separated by twenty four months and many hundred leagues of ice and sea. Happily, one of the party has attempted the record:—

McClure and his first lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. Walked towards him; on getting onwards a hundred yards, they could see from his profile that it was not one of these. Pin began to screech and throw up his hands (his face as black as my arse); this

brought the captain and lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

At length Pin reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out, on McClure asking him, "Who are you and where are you come from?"—"Lieutenant Pin," he said, "Heard." This was more inexplicable to McClure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Captain's Straits. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman—an angel of light. He says—"He soon was seen from the ship; they had only one hatchway open, and the crew fairly jammed in, and I was the first to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their despondency; in fact, all was changed on board the 'Investigator.'"

The ship and crew are yet in bonds. Human daring and perseverance have at last wrested from the spirit of the North this grim secret; but he as yet retains as proofs of his unvanquished power, the proud adventurers. And in his "unfamous caves" he holds, also, almost in distance lasting as Time, one of the bravest and noblest of the band. Lieutenant Bellot, a young Frenchman, attached to Commander Pullen's expedition, has yielded up his gallant and gentle spirit in the faithful though modest performance of a voluntary duty. And Franklin with his companions, it is now too certain, has disappeared for ever from human sight or help. The news of this crowning triumph over long insuperable obstacles, comes stained and saddened with the assurance that a costly sacrifice of life has been made—an amount of suffering from which imagination recalls has been endured—for the attainment of that barren victory.

THE PROPOSED NEW RAILWAY FOR WEST KENT.

A meeting was held lately in the large room of the Crown Hotel, Sevenoaks, to consider the expediency of forming a line of railway from Sydenham to Bromley, by Otford, to Maidstone, with branches to Lewisham, Greenwich, Eltham, and Newington-causeway, for local and suburban traffic, with duplicate lines and independent termini for the Crystal Palace traffic. The most noble the Marquis of Camden, Viscount Holmesdale, the Right Hon. Mr. Herries, Sir John Gresham, Bart., Sir Samuel Hancock, Sir John B. W. Mansell, Mr. Peter Cresswell, Mr. W. C. Lambard, Mr. J. P. Atkins, Mr. H. Hughes, &c. &c., were among those present. The Marquis of Camden was called to the chair, on the motion of Viscount Holmesdale.

The Chairman said, as Sir Charles Fox was mainly instrumental in procuring the East Kent Railway, several other gentlemen, with himself, had communicated with Sir Charles Fox, to ascertain whether he would assist them in this, and he had given them an outline of a project for their approval. He estimated the expense of the line from Sydenham to Maidstone at £500,000, and proposed to raise the money by 20,000 shares at £25 each; 5,000 shares to be taken up by residents in the district, and the remaining 15,000 by non-local capitalists. The Marquis of Camden and himself were anxious to consult their opinion, as they were prepared to give it every support.

Mr. P. Cator pointed out the general features of the proposed line of railway, and had no doubt it would be a paying one. The principal landholders from Sydenham to Maidstone were favourable to it.

The Right Hon. Mr. Herries would like to know what arrangements could be made with the Brighton Company to carry their traffic?

Sir Charles Fox said Mr. Laing had informed him they would take up the traffic from Sydenham to London. The promoters of the Crystal Palace were also friendly to them, being anxious to have feeders in all directions.

Lord Holmesdale proposed a resolution to the effect, that the meeting approved of the projected line, and pledged itself to support it by subscribing towards the shares to be taken up by the landowners of the county. Mr. Henry Hughes seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

A large proportion of shares were then subscribed for by gentlemen present. Resolutions were also passed, and a vote of thanks was given to the Chairman for his able conduct, and the meeting separated.

PROPOSED STATUE OF PRINCE ALBERT, IN HYDE PARK.—A project for the statue of this illustrious Prince—to commemorate the great industrial gathering in Hyde Park in 1851—is being carried out. The Lord Mayor has assumed the leadership, and has addressed the provincial mayors for their support in this national movement. A most happy idea, and one to which the people will heartily respond; for the Great Exhibition owed much, if not all, of its success, to his Royal Highness Prince Albert's active and energetic co-operation.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.—At a numerously attended meeting of the subscribers and friends of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, to celebrate its jubilee, and to assist in raising funds to be appropriated to the circulation of the Scriptures in China, the Earl of Shaftesbury observed, that nothing to his mind evinced more strikingly the intellectual and moral progress of this country than the proposal that this society should exhibit in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, copies of the Scriptures in the 150 different languages into which they had been translated—[hear, hear]—100 of which languages had never been printed, and 25 of which had no written character until an alphabet was constructed, and the language reduced to writing, by the society's agents.

THE CHOLERA AND ITS HAUNTS.

Tuesday last was the 53rd and last day of the cholera's declared existence in Newcastle. During that time, 4,668 cases had been reported by the medical officers, and 1,528 deaths—nearly six times the rate of mortality in 1831-32; when, in the same number of days, there were 294 deaths.

The Metropolitan Commissioners of Police transmit from day to day to the General Board of Health reports from the divisional superintendents of cholera cases that have come under the observation of their "officers" and men.

At an interview which Mr. Hall and Dr. Milroy recently had with the Board of Guardians of Camberwell, attention was called to the wretched state of many of the dwellings of the poor. One of the guardians present expressed his regret that parishes have not the power to erect model lodging-houses. Dr. Milroy of course replied, that parochial authorities have, under certain regulations, the power to erect well-ordered lodging and dwelling-houses for the labouring classes.

To their report of this circumstance, the Board of Health offered some valuable remarks and statistics. They say, for instance:—

The board have had several times under their consideration the expediency of erecting model dwellings for the poor, in pursuance of the power possessed by local governing bodies under Lord Shaftesbury's Act of 1851, entitled, "The Labouring Classes Lodging-houses Act." Every fresh inspection of the state of the dwellings of the poor classes in the metropolis is a fresh illustration of the necessity of the powers conferred by this act, and of the responsibility incurred by neglecting to use them. It is not generally known that cellar dwellings are common in London. It is imagined that they are peculiar to Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds. Mr. Grainger, one of the medical inspectors of the General Board of Health has recently called attention to the great number of these dwellings in London, and particularly in some parishes of the City. Such dwellings are not in London called "cellars," but "underground kitchens." There seems occasion to apprehend that, of all the habitations in London, these inhabited underground cellars are the most dangerous. "Many of these," says Mr. Grainger, "were each occupied by a whole family; in other instances a family occupies both the front and back kitchen; in some cases more than one family occupied a single cellar."

In 1843, and again this week, I took some measurements. The following is a specimen:—

| | |
|--|------|
| "Depth below the surface of the street ... | 7 3 |
| Length of kitchen ... | 10 3 |
| Width ... | 9 8 |
| Height ... | 7 0 |

"The areas which I have measured vary in breadth from four feet three inches to two feet seven inches. The window is often altogether below the level of the street, and very small. The kitchens, and especially the back ones, are dark—many so gloomy that writing is difficult; the grates and dust bins are close to the door and window, and are in most cases highly offensive, and are complained of by the inhabitants. In such a room I have found a family consisting of seven or eight persons, having consequently from eighty to ninety cubic feet in each, while the lowest allowance in a sleeping apartment compatible with healthy existence is 500 cubic feet. At Liverpool and elsewhere the average allowance for each person in the regulated common lodging-houses is 250 cubic feet."

Gray's-buildings, Duke-street, Manchester-square, is singled out as one of the worst of lodging-house localities. In one of these areas—eight feet below the street, and only twenty-seven inches wide—

In the front cellar lived a man and wife with one child, with two other grown-up people; the rent 2s. 6d. In the back cellar, a gloomy hole, were living a woman and her son. On inspection, I found several asphyxiated almost full. The dustman, it was stated, by several women, did not come more than once a fortnight, and then did not remove all the refuse, the worst, at the bottom, being left. The men expect beer, and will not do the duty without it. One woman, who had lived two years in the house, had never known the pit emptied to the bottom. The stench was described as horrible, especially when the filth was thus disturbed without complete removal; "the smell often made them sick." The privies, as usual, were most offensive.

As an example of the rate of disease prevalent in these areas, Mr. Grainger cites the following:—

I visited No. 9, Bell-street, Lisson-grove, where, in a family occupying the two cellars, having seven children, four of them had just had the scarlet fever; while from the back room above another boy had been removed, with the scarlet fever, to the Fever Hospital. The history of this family is most instructive. They are very respectable people, with all the comforts of life as regards food, clothing, &c. The rooms are quite clean, neat, and well-furnished; but, this living seven feet four inches below the street, and in very low and small rooms, they have been most sickly. They have lived here five years, not from choice, but because, having a large family, and there being a great demand for house accommodation they could not obtain upper rooms; landlords in such cases object to receive them as tenants. In the five years all the children have had the measles and whooping-cough. Six have had the smallpox, but that is all, excepting the infant; and four, if not five, have had scarlet fever.

To show how keen the Yankees are in business (says the Boston correspondent of the *Weekly News*), I may mention that I went the other day to a celebrated hatter's to buy a hat. On paying for it, I was requested to walk up stairs, and on doing so, was shown into a daguerrotype saloon, where my portrait was taken, neatly framed, and fastened inside the crown of my hat, never to be parted from the wearer by any means. A rival hatter, I see, has improved on this; he gives a gentleman, besides his own, a portrait of his wife, or sweetheart, or friend. Jonathan knows a thing or two.

"IS TEMPLE BAR A NUISANCE?"

This question is just now exciting no little attention. The *Times* thinks the obstruction to Fleet-street traffic has no claims sufficiently powerful to be allowed to stand. Mr. Peter Cunningham puts in a plea for its retention by improving the neighbourhood.

Pull down Child's banking-house—let Child's go to the Devil, as the Devil's Tavern gave way to Child's (I have no account there)—put down the houses on the South side as far as Middle Temple gate—and then, when these are to the ground, cross over and pull down those abominations East and West of the bar, Ship-lane, and Ship-yard. Make a wide carriage-way on each side of the bar (far wider than that round St. Clement's Dances); but let the old bar stand, telling its story of civilization as the last landmark of the City—as the last place in Great Britain in which human nature has set. What a story might be told before it, and will be told, if we will only let it to remain!"

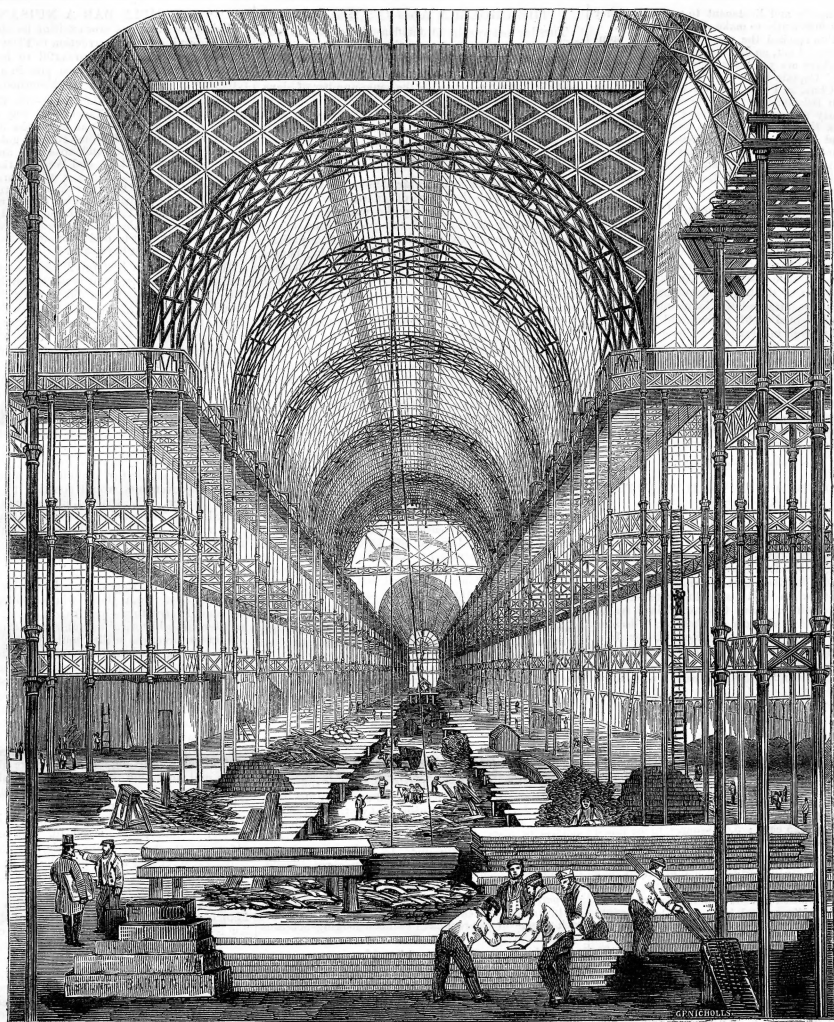
He denies that it is "ugly," the second allegation against the structure. "It is not the arch of Constantine, I confess; but Wren did nothing bad—nothing that any city architect will improve." The third defect, that "it is not a piece of antiquity," he says, will cure itself "if you will only allow it to stand."

There has been a meeting of the inhabitants of Fleet-street and its neighbourhood on the subject, at Anderson's Hotel. Sir J. Duke presided. Mr. Preeley, common councilman, moved a resolution declaring that the meeting viewed with repugnance the proposal to remove the ancient landmark and barrier between the cities of London and Westminster; and that it regarded the present measure as a fresh illustration of the expediency of the powers conferred for such removal as came within the scope of the act, and the removal of Temple-bar, without the adoption of any other improvements, would conduce to no desirable end whatever. The speaker, and others that followed, denied that Temple-bar was an obstruction to the city traffic. Mr. Cox would demolish the structure, and erect as a landmark between London and Westminster a square which would increase the road-way by eight or nine feet, and afford space for a third line of carriages. Lord Dudley Stuart entirely differed from those who considered Temple-bar an ugly structure—and, regarding it, as he did, as an interesting historical monument, he thought nothing but great practical utility could justify its removal. Mr. Gresham, common councilman, believed that it was the opinion of the City architect, that if Temple-bar were not altered or amended, it must come down of itself, and thought some change indispensable. The resolution was then carried unanimously. Mr. Pedler moved a resolution, declaring that, while the meeting would regret to oppose itself to any scientific improvement in the system, entrusted to the city of London, it must deprecate any mere plan of demolition, and entreating the corporation to ask the counsel of the best judges of street architecture, as to how this chief approach to the City might be rendered what it ought to be. The motion, after being seconded by Mr. Williams, was agreed to. On the motion of Mr. Comfort, it was resolved that, in connection with the foregoing resolutions should be prepared for presentation to the Common Council.

BITUMINOUS MATERIALS.—Mr. John Perkins, of Manchester, has patented a method of distilling at a low temperature, coal shales and other carbonaceous earths (coal excepted) found in the carboniferous formation, yielding bituminous material on application of heat, and in obtaining from the residue, an oil containing paraffine, and other substances.

GILSTON HOUSE.—This fine old mansion is to be pulled down and sold by Messrs. Pullen and Son. The hall was built by Henry Chaucer, about 1547; but the manor of Gilston can be traced to the time of Henry III., and was held by the de la Pole family, who were Robert became a Knight of the Temple, went to Jerusalem, but returned and died in England, and was buried in the Temple Church, London. We advise all antiquaries and lovers of good architecture—of which this is one of the purest specimens of the Elizabethan style—to go and take a last look at this fine old place, with its battlemented gables, its richly-stained windows, its embelzonnments, busts, and sculptured work.

MUSEUMS.—On the whole, there is not a single museum throughout the country to which we could point as a model of a good school for the people. Gardens to teach botany and glad the eye are equally wanted. Good wages are now given to the worker; he is above the want of physical comforts; let us in our leisure his thoughts be elevated by museums. When God planted this world he made it a museum full of beauty as of use. The man who has learned, even instinctively, to feel the loveliness of a landscape, will appreciate those curious beauties, which likewise appeal to the eye, from the cases and stands of a museum. Once win a popular liking for museums, and the people will come into them on wet evenings as naturally as they crowd the great lanes on a fine Sunday. Like those commons which adorn the face of England more than its widest parks—for they show the living respect for the olden rights of the poor, while the parks tell but of human pride—let the museums become, not the haunts of a few silent students, but the ready rendezvous of humble people. Let the homely wonder of the worker be awakened there, and the joyous exclamation of children at each new marvel be an audible catalogue of its contents. And if it be at first a meeting-place for idlers, or a resting-place for women with children in their arms, let us be patient. It is good for them to be there; and, even if lovers' whispers are heard in the medieval court, the precincts will not be profaned. By natural degrees men advance from humanity to learning, and the man of feeling becomes the man of thought.—*Leader.*



PRESENT STATE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The above engraving is as faithful and vivid a representation as the pencil and graver will convey, of the interior of what it is now becoming the custom to call "The Palace of Light." The spot chosen for this view is at the Norwood or southern end of the nave. If, upon entering, after having delivered your ticket, you turn to the right, and advance to the extreme end of the building, and to about the centre of the floor, you will occupy the very spot selected by the artist,—a position from which the whole edifice is more completely visible than from any other point of its vast extent. We remember our first view, from a similar stand-point, of the Great Exhibition building in its skeleton state. We retain to this day a deep impression of the emotion we then experienced—the mingled awe and astonishment excited by the forest of columns and the wilderness of space on which we gazed. Again and again, week after week, we stood upon the same spot, and looked upon the same edifice, when the skeleton had been clothed, as it were, with flesh and colour, and was instinct with life and beauty. We were there on that last sad day when its gates for ever closed upon the world, and the work of destruction had already commenced. We thought never to have "looked upon its like again." But by its Sydenham successor, it is already out-done. The space is vaster, the skeleton is more gigantic, the colouring is more gay and airy—the erection is altogether more perfect.

This was our mental comparison on standing where our artist stood, whilst sketching the above. In one respect, at least, we are enabled to verify the impression by fact—namely, as respects magnitude and substantiality. We will enable the reader, also, to make the comparison for himself.

The Hyde Park Palace was 1,848 feet in length, and 456 feet in breadth. The height of its three tiers from the basement was, respectively, 24 feet, 44 feet, and 64 feet; and the height of the transept 108 feet. The basement floor contained 752,832 superficial feet, and the galleries 102,528 feet. The length of the exhibitors' tables was 8 miles—the total cubic contents, 33,000,000 feet. The quantity of glass required was 900,000 superficial feet, weighing 400 tons. There were 3,500 cast and wrought iron columns, varying from 14 feet 6 inches to 20 feet in length—2,224 cast iron girders, and 1,128 intermediate brass rods for supporting the galleries. There were 34 miles of guttering to carry off rain water to the hollow columns communicating with the sewers; and the length of sash bars required was 205 miles.

The Sydenham Palace is, from end to end of the nave, 1,608 feet; and from side to side 384 feet. It is intersected by three transepts—the central one 384 feet long, and 120 feet wide. The open space in the drawing is where the centre transept will be when completed: it is now in rapid progress, as the scaffolding testifies.

The two end transepts are each 336 feet in length, and 72 feet wide; but the whole length of the Palace from end to end of the wings, which are now rising into existence, will be upwards of 2,000 feet. They are each 600 feet long, and will terminate with towers upwards of 100 feet high. The water-towers at the extreme ends will be 230 feet high, and sustain an immense weight of water in a tank at the top. The chief transept will be upwards of 200 feet in height, and will have five tiers of galleries; the end transepts three tiers. The whole extent of the edifice is traversed by two tiers of galleries—the first the same height as those of the Great Exhibition, 24 feet, but the other upwards of 60 feet high, and 8 feet wide. It has arched castings every 72 feet and 24 feet alternately, which support the principal ribs of the building, from which columns are carried down to the basement throughout the whole nave, giving two additional columns, also projecting 8 feet from the continued columns at an equal distance of 72 feet; thereby not only securing increased strength, but also breaking the monotonous regularity so unpleasant to the sight in the old Palace—an instance of the combination of the useful with the agreeable that seems carried out in the People's Palace to every part of the building. The uppermost gallery in the centre transept is upwards of 100 feet from the floor, and nearly 130 feet from the basement. It crosses the nave in two places, forming a bridge-like span

of 72 feet—an undertaking of no mean magnitude: indeed, a masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity, alike praiseworthy to the designer who projected it and the workmen by whose skill and courage it must be completed. The foundation of the nave on which men are so busily engaged in the picture, is the space allotted for the fountains, ornamental waters, and colossal figures. The sides and roof will consume 500 tons weight of glass, generally thicker than that used in the old edifice. It covers 12½ acres of ground, and its cubic contents are upwards of 40,000,000 feet—about one-fourth more than that in Hyde Park, four times the cubic contents of St. Paul's, and forty times greater than that of Westminster Hall, the largest hall in England.

We had written thus far when we opened upon a leading article in the *Times* newspaper, which, commencing with a humorous summary of the annoyances of bad weather, goes on to describe, with that vigour and gaiety, that charming style and overflowing knowledge, which are characteristics of the *Times* and of some other journals, the "enormous out-of-door work now in progress a few miles from this metropolis for the benefit of all its citizens." We cannot copy into our columns the whole of the admirable article that follows; and we should be averse to do so if we could,—for what writer likes to expatiate upon his own favourite theme by the pen of another?—but in justice to our readers, we must transfer two or three paragraphs—

Amid a chaos of rain and mud, blown upon by all the winds of heaven, there is slowly rising up a fabric, which only asks a short respite from the fury of the elements to be able to defy them for good, but which, very naturally, it may be said, does not obtain that brief truce. All the minor miseries inflicted by wind and rain on the whole population of London are a trifle to those which tax the ingenuity, perseverance, and hardihood of the thoroughly British band of men now engaged at the highest point of the Surrey hills in rearing the grandest edifice of its kind—or, we had almost said, the only kind—in the world. The entire slope of a lofty hill, comprehending great varieties of surface, is being formed and fashioned, excavated, embanked, terraced, walled, stepped, and balustraded, into a paradise of gardening, far surpassing the architectural grandeur of Versailles, and combining with them the peculiar features of English landscape gardening. When it is all done, a lady will be able to traverse the whole of the fairy region along furlongs of grass, miles of gravel walk, thousands of steps, amid many an under-molested fountain and cascade, without moistening the satin shoe in which she has left the drawing-room of the Crystal Palace Hotel—that is to be, but that at present is a matter of faith. Thus far the whole fairy creation, like the monsters said to be engendered by the sun on the banks of the Nile, is struggling to extricate its limbs from elemental mud. Everywhere it is mud—mud, excepting where a mountain of granite has already been reared, a graceful slope already turfed, or a long train of planks bend under processions of wheelbarrows. The uniform of the place, from the labourer slouching at the bottom of a huge tank to the engineer spanning the sky with an arch of glass, under which the pavement of London would stand with some feet to spare, his trousers turned up to the knees, and sleeves to the elbows. Were it not that the wind is alternately easterly and nor-wester of the most furious description, this adaptation of the dress to the work to be done would, doubtless, be a recommendation, but it should require comfortable clothing at the top of Penge-hill—the southern boundary-line, as everybody knows, of our London horizon.

But the work proceeds rapidly in spite of all these impediments. The vast central transept is nearly filled with scaffolding; it is after all the huge vault is fixed in its place, and by New Year's-day, we are told, the whole fabric will be delivered to the painters and decorators. . . . The decorations will be warmer and richer than in the old building. The whole space will be thoroughly warmed, so as to secure a comfortable, uniform, and healthy temperature, in which the strongest man or the weakest woman may spend the whole of a winter's day. Sir Joseph Paxton himself spent three hours a-day for three months in planning the apparatus, which, among other wonders, comprises fifty miles of iron pipes for the passage of warm water, carefully kept somewhat below boiling heat. The area will be laid out much more ornamentally than that of the old building. Already, the whole of Loddidge's collection at Hackney has been secured, and thousands upon thousands of camellias, and other ornamental and conservatory plants, flourishing at a much lower temperature than is usually thought necessary to their existence. Such a place, it is evident, will be admirably adapted, not merely for invalids, but for the much more numerous class that are confined by the severity and vicissitudes of the British climate. The being on so high and healthy a spot far more salubrious, than that of a London drawing-room, with its smoke from the chimney, draughts from the windows and doors, and occasional odours from the kitchen below. It will be a Madeira without the voyage, without the separation from friends, or the loss of English comforts. One thing only is wanting to the physical enjoyment of the place; viz., that an invalid, or any not very strong person, should be able, not merely to make the journey from town, an hour's promenade, and then return, which mounts up into a case of considerable effort, but to make a lengthened stay at the Palace, going in and out for a spare half-hour, to fill up odd intervals, or just as inclination might suggest. That can only be done by a capacious and comfortable hotel communicating with the

Palace. Such a place is already in contemplation. We have no doubt whatever that, as a matter of enjoyment, expense, health, and improvement, it will answer the purpose even of people of good incomes to spend a spare week, or even month, at such an hotel, instead of a watering-place or a country villa.

As to the prospects of the speculation, wise people of course shake their heads at an expenditure which rather reminds one of the freaks of a young millionaire come to his majority, than the proceedings of business-like men having an eye to the main chance. The sum totals of work and material are incredible; more granite than ever was brought into London before, more ironwork than can be produced or delivered, the earthwork of a railway, besides three actual railways from the metropolis to the place; miles of public road to be diverted, fountains throwing up altogether two thousand gallons a second, every kind of poetical extravagance in iron and in water; temples "glazed with films of water," colonnades under waterfalls, a botanical collection as large and as complete as the climate will allow, and a bit of the antediluvian world, with gigantic saurians and plants to the life-size—all run up into a bill which it is frightful to think of. It must be thought of, however, presented to shareholders, and, if possible, paid out of the tickets of visitors. Louis XIV. is said to have burnt all the bills of Versailles, and some politicians tell us it was paid for by the French Revolution. In this instance there will be an exact audit, and we will hope to have a more agreeable settlement. But it is not our business to anticipate the verdict of the public on that point. We don't see at all why the thing should not answer to the shareholders as well as it must do to the convenience and pleasure of the public. We cannot but be anxious for its success, inasmuch as it will remove a reproach long hanging over this country—that it has no grand collections, no places of recreative and instructive resort, no palace, in fact, of the people. Such a thing we certainly shall have next summer, and that not extracted by profligate sovereigns, corrupt ministers, and subservient legislatures, from an oppressed people; but, as we are proud to do all things, by mere private enterprise.

THE ARTS OF DECORATIVE DESIGN.

"Art and Literature adorn the memory of a people, when their dominion is no more. The fragments of the beautiful, that lie about a nation's grave, win from eras that follow action and admiration."

When it is considered that the British people, however distinguished for "deeds of arms," commercial enterprise, and scientific attainments, are very inferior to their continental neighbours, in knowledge of the Arts of Decorative Design, as applied to the higher departments of manufacturing industry, no excuse will be deemed necessary for introducing the subject to the readers of the *Crystal Palace Gazette*, in the endeavour to arouse a laudible spirit of emulative ambition, which may lead eventually to results equalling, if not surpassing, the glorious achievements of the ecclesiastical architects and decorators of the middle ages; and thus realize the anticipation of the greatest of England's modern bards:—

Within the ages which before me pass,

Art shall resume and equal even the sway

Which, with Apelles and old Phidias,

She held in Hella's unforgotten day.

Now that peace reigns through the land, and we are blessed with a sovereign who, with her illustrious consort, patronizes in an eminent degree the scientific and æsthetic arts, let us hope that the dawn of this brighter era is at hand.

In the work which we have in view—namely, an endeavour to develop the artistic capabilities of youth, and aid the formation of a more accurate and refined public taste—we trust for success, because we believe that the great cause of failure is a defective mode of instruction, by which the student is never thoroughly grounded in the principles of geometric science, and the careful study of nature.

With these preliminary remarks, we proceed with the matter in hand.

To give the student a lucid and comprehensive view of his subject, we may divide the history of decorative art into sixteen epochs, or periods, ranged according to the degree in which each particular style prevailed. Those styles have each their peculiar characteristics, with which it is absolutely necessary the practitioner should become thoroughly acquainted.

In the compilation of this Artistic History, and the general historical view of the matters, we have given, with respect to the early epochs, a decided preference to the Mosaic account, as the only documentary record that can be relied upon; although we have also borrowed, to some extent, from the works of Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and other original historians. We have also treated traditional data with the greatest degree of caution; and the pretended superior antiquity of the Brahmans, Chinese, and other idolatrous nations, we have considered as mere idle fables, or superstitious mythological devices. It has been thought superfluous to commence further back than the Deluge of Noah, although our

chronological account will contain the names of Cain and that of Tubal-Cain—the former as a builder of cities, and the latter as "a worker in brass and iron" for whatever the works of the antediluvian inhabitants of the globe may have been, we presume they were swept away by the flood. Our first period, therefore, commences at that stage of the world's progress in which Babylon was erected, believing that the structures of that celebrated city of the ancient world were the earliest after the Deluge. Adopting this view, we shall arrange the periods of particular development according to the following classification:—

1st. The Babylonian.

2nd. The Assyrian.

3rd. The Egyptian.

4th. The Hindoo.

5th. The Persian and Greek.

6th. The Roman.

7th. The Byzantine; comprising the first development of the early Christians under Constantine the Great, Theodosius, and Justinian.

8th. The further advancement of Christian art by the ecclesiastical architects of the middle ages.

9th. The Arabian, or Moorish, as illustrated by the followers of Mahomet, and especially in the palace of the Alhambra, at Granada.

10th. The first revival of the classic style of the ancient Romans, with certain modifications, as elucidated in the works of Brunelleschi, Beaman, Alberti, Buonarroti, and their immediate followers.

11th. Those elaborate and grotesque styles that prevailed during the reigns of Francis I. of France, and Elizabeth of England.

12th. The second revival of classic art, by Mansard, Perrault, Inigo Jones, Wren, Vanbrugh, and their successors.

13th. The style of Louis XIV. of France, as illustrated at the palace at Versailles by Mansard, and other works by Jean le Potre and others.

14th. The revival of the ancient Greek style, brought about by the publication of the celebrated work of Stuart and Rivett, together with the decorated Greek manner of Leo Von Klendge, as executed in certain public buildings at Munich in Bavaria.

15th. The confused period; in which revived Greek, bad Italian, worse Gothic, Elizabethan, French, Moorish, and other styles, prevailed simultaneously.

16th.—The revival of mediæval art, usually and barbarously called "Gothic," in all its variations of Norman, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular; together with Italian, Tudor, Elizabethan, Renaissance, and Moorish, &c., prevailing at the present time.

It will, of course, be a task of some difficulty to lay down rules, by which the student may obtain a clear conception of the various characteristics of each particular style. This difficulty would be very materially lessened by a careful examination of the admirable and comprehensive collection of casts, &c., in both of the above manners which are now being arranged in the Crystal Palace, and, when completed, will form a perfect school of ornamental art, inferior to none in Europe. As that facility cannot be enjoyed by all, we shall give, from time to time, engraved specimens from the most esteemed examples of ancient and modern times.

As the science of architecture forms the basis of all ornamentation, it is essential to link the two arts together. From the Babylonian down to the fall of the Roman Empire—including the works of the former—the Assyrians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Chinese, Persians, Greeks, and Romans—we have examples of the peculiarity of heathen artists, who, struggling either to elevate their own religious notions, as in the cases of the Babylonians, Assyrians, and early kings of Egypt, or like the Greeks and Romans, seeking to immortalize the glory of their supposed deities, in the erection of stupendous temples. All these were mainly conceived and worked out on the horizontal principle. In the new and happier era, commenced by Constantine the Great, in the erection of structures, dedicated to the rites of a pure and more enlightened faith, and followed out, still further, in a more original and magnificent manner by the ecclesiastical architects of the middle ages, it is on the contrary the vertical

principle that is employed; of which we have sumptuous specimens in the cathedrals of Italy, France, Germany, and England. Thus, in the architectural division of our subject, we have two leading and distinct general principles, firstly, HEATHEN or PAGAN, which is horizontal; and secondly, CHRISTIAN, which is chiefly vertical. Both of these it will be our business thoroughly to investigate, explain, and illustrate.

ROBERTO ANGELO.

THE PEEL TESTIMONIAL.

(Communicated.)

THE lamented death of the late Sir Robert Peel deprived England of one of its most illustrious statesmen, occasioning an intensity of regret amongst all classes, not only in Great Britain, but also on the continent. His great attainments and commanding talents are well known, and those faculties were devoted for nearly half-a-century to the welfare and prosperity of his country. His sterling eloquence and spotless integrity obtained the esteem of men adverse to his principles; and his patriotism, in declining honours or personal distinctions for the services rendered his country, won the affections of the people. The perpetuation of the form and features of so noble an individual is worthy the highest efforts of human genius. William L. Jones, the sculptor, of Leeds, executed the first posthumous bust (an excellent likeness) of the deceased statesman, which created quite a sensation at the time in the town, and caused a public subscription to be raised for a monument to his memory. Mr. Behnes went down from London with a statuette, which he exhibited in the Philosophical Hall, and obtained the award for the statue, which is well worthy his reputation, and reminds us of the original portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Manchester, Salford, Drayton, Bury, Huddersfield, the City of London, &c., followed the example of Leeds, and the successful competitors were Bailey, Noble, Marshall, Behnes, &c., all of whom displayed fine specimens of the English school. Parliament also voted £5,000 for a monument to Sir Robert. The order was given to Gibson, who stands at the head of the profession in Rome for ideal sculpture. The monument is now placed in Westminster Abbey. Many of those who have seen it, consider the Roman toga, with which it is draped, instead of the English costume, a mistake, as it gives too faint an idea of the person, and is also historically incorrect: probably, centuries hence it will be considered a Roman statue excavated from Herculaneum or Pompeii, rather than Sir Robert Peel, our illustrious British statesman.

CONSTRUCTION OF PAVEMENTS AND ROADS.—Mr. Hadley, of Birmingham, has patented an invention for obtaining an indestructible pavement, warranted to maintain throughout its duration an equally level and more durable working surface; and also to obviate inequalities and corrugations.

MOTTO, NEW PLACE, IPSWICH.—A house built about the sixteenth century became so dilapidated at one wing that the owner ordered it to be pulled down and rebuilt to correspond with that which remains. Upon removing the plaster it was found not to be the original face of the wall, but had been previously plastered between the oak studs, whereon was written, in the centre compartment opposite the entrance door, in a rude black letter, the following inscription:—

"He that seteth down to mete and lethtch grace sa seteth leik an oxe and ryseth leik an asse."

Mottos like these, a little more elegantly expressed, would be no disgrace even in this age. The space occupied by the inscription was three feet three inches in length and ten inches in breadth.

DEATH OF LOUIS FONTAINE.—This justly celebrated architect died in Paris a fortnight ago, in the 91st year of his age. His remains were interred at the grand cemetery, Père-la-Chaise, with all funeral honours, on the 15th ult. Eulogiums were pronounced at the grave by several distinguished individuals—including our gifted countryman, Mr. Donaldson. "Permit me," he said, "an English architect, to place a leaf of laurel on the tomb of his brother academicien. The architects of England—the artists of all Europe—will learn with most lively interest the name of M. Fontaine who will ever be united in the history of architecture with that of his illustrious colleague, Percier. These two friends have guided the studies of the youth of your country, and have led them to follow a course which has produced for France monuments of which you may well be proud, since all Europe admire them. Honour to France! Honour to her great men!"

Notice to Correspondents.

Contributors whose articles do not appear, will understand that they are either declined with thanks, or reserved for our next.

THE ILLUSTRATED CRYSTAL PALACE GAZETTE.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

The News of the Month.

STILL does the question, Peace or War? hang suspended on the decision of events,—as the golden scales, of good or evil, let down from heaven (so the poet of Paradise and its forfeiture tells us) were balanced by the will of our first parents. The decision waits, we say, upon events—more strictly, on the will of one man and the permission of Nature. If Nicholas persists in refusing to withdraw his armies from the Danubian provinces, and the weather continues to allow of warlike operations,—the blow that rends the peace of Europe must certainly be delivered: for the Sultan has made a conditional declaration of war, the days of grace have expired, and the Turkish troops seem actually preparing to cross the Danube.

But not alone to autocratic obstinacy or natural contingencies is the question left for decision. England and France having pledged themselves to support the injured, have naturally a right to prolong their mediations with the aggressor, and to make reprisals in their own way. There are some dissentients from the general belief that we are bound in honour and self-interest to make war on Russia, but none at all from the doctrine that the support promised to Turkey, we are bound to render. The Peace Congress for this year has just been held in Edinburgh. There was very much said at its meetings which we consider questionable, whether as statements of principle or fact; but we can hardly regret that while the public mind was inflamed with indignation, it should also be tempered by deliberation; and it is impossible that so many and such eminent men as were there engaged, should not contribute to the enlightenment of public opinion. We have a strong feeling, ourselves, as to the impolicy of nations rivalling each other in warlike strength. In speaking to this point, Mr. Cobden mentioned a circumstance with which our readers may be unacquainted:—

I see by the papers great laudation of these new screw vessels. I have seen statements made that the "Duke of Wellington" battle-ship is the most enormous war vessel in our whole fleet, and as such the best security for perpetual peace—[cheers]—that the "Duke of Wellington" and the "Agamemnon," with their great screw propellers are the greatest guarantees we could have of permanent peace. Now, the "Duke of Wellington" is a ship about 350 feet in length, and I believe measures about 50 feet odd from the deck to the bottom of the hold. It is an enormous structure. Well, but had they stood still with their screw vessels of 2,000 or 3,000 tons it would not have been so bad. I see there is a vessel coming from America which is from 6,000 to 7,000 tons burthen. But that is not all. In the great fire recently in the yard of Mr. Scott Russell, there was destroyed the model of a vessel, the whole particulars of which I had from myself two months before; the money was subscribed, the dimensions were all settled; and that vessel, what do you think were its dimensions? 12,000 tons, with an engine 2,000 horse power to drive the paddle-wheels and the screw propeller, for it happened that an ingenious mechanic had taken another look at the fish. He had seen that besides the tail it had fins [a laugh]—and he says we must have a vessel that is not only a paddle but a screw also, and here is the plan for the vessel: she was to be 12,000 tons, upwards of 300 feet in length, with the paddle-wheels at the sides, and a screw propeller at the stern, and having three engines with a united horse power of 2,000. Well, if this steamer is carried out and built of materials equal to her tonnage, why that vessel, with its screw and paddle-wheels, may run down the "Duke of Wellington" just as we are able to run down the great frigates [loud cheers.] Will the 3,500 tons be a match for the 12,000? No. And do you suppose that human intellect and ingenuity will stop there? I have heard it surmised that they won't stop at 12,000 tons; and that principle of extension and progress, found most prevalent in our manufactures and other great works, will be applied to ships, and there is no earthly reason to hinder men constructing vessels of 20,000 tons on the principles applied to the construction of the great Menai tubular bridge, so that we may soon see great ferry-boats carrying the population of a whole town across the Atlantic, and leaving the great steamers to ply between the Atlantic and the Pacific, or the Gulf of Mexico, or the American coast, to find their destinations by railway as best they may.

Both the causes of domestic disquietude to which we had last month occasion to refer at

some length, are still amongst us. But, happily, the cholera is extinct in Newcastle and Gateshead, and is not sensibly swelling the mortality of London, while vigorous efforts are made to extirpate as well as to repress it. The "strikes" still prevail. Twenty-five thousand operatives are "out" in Preston alone; and the masters have bound themselves to each other by heavy bonds, not to give way; the only hope of reconciliation lies in the fact that when surrender is scouted by both sides, both may be open to a compromise. The operatives' leaders have put forth a manifesto in favour of co-operation—that is, combination to produce, instead of combination to resist—a text on which we may perhaps discourse in our next.

We have referred, in an article on our first page, to some splendid instances of what sagacious and patriotic men of wealth may do for their fellows, without expending a shilling in that charity which more frequently degrades than blesses. We will add, here, another.—Mr. Titus Salt, a Bradford manufacturer of alpaca, has recently opened his new works, by entertaining the whole of his workpeople, nearly four thousand in number, at a banquet, which was also attended by hundreds of his private friends and business connexions, including Earl Harwood, and several M.P.s. In the evening, this munificent host conveyed his guests to the new Music Hall, Bradford, where a feast of sweet sounds was provided for their delectation. And even this is but the bloom on the peach, not the fruit itself. The new works are built on one of the loveliest sites of Yorkshire—that Mr. Salt's workpeople might, like himself, escape from a crowded town into a salubrious valley; and by the side of the factory is rising up a town, replete with all that is commodious and elegant, designed by the employer for his hands. Will not Saltaire be a nobler monument of the new feudalism—of the feudalism of cotton-lords and cotton-hands—than any the old can show?

With mingled exultation and grief we record the receipt of despatches from one of the commanders of the Arctic expedition—with exultation, because they announce the virtual discovery of the North-west passage; with grief, because they toll the knell of despair over Franklin's icy grave. We have copied into another column, from a newspaper contemporary, a summary of these very interesting documents.

With the average price of wheat at 68s. 4d. against 37s. 10d., the average price for the corresponding period of last year, and other articles of consumption advanced in a like proportion, it is natural to feel some anxiety as to our supply of food for the winter. It is impossible accurately to estimate the deficiency in this year's crop, but, according to general testimony, it is one-fourth of the average yield. A writer in the *Mark Lane Express* shows, however, that, under present circumstances, even this deficiency need not prove a very formidable calamity:—

If the deficiency of 5,000,000 quarters of wheat were equally divided among the whole population of Britain, it would not entail a loss of more than 10s. per head, estimating wheat at 50s. per quarter, and making a sufficient allowance for interest on the increase of capital required to procure a foreign supply. And if we suppose that there are five members in every family, then the loss of each would be 50s. In other words, the present deficient crop entails a loss or debt of 50s. upon every labouring man who has five members of a family, including himself. Now, every labouring man, whatever may be the sphere in which he labours, ought surely to be able to perform an extra quantity of work, so as to pay off one shilling weekly without any advance of wages, even granting that he has not a reserve of 50s. in his pocket, as he ought to have. No labouring man ought to be in circumstances so depressed as not to be able to meet the demands of a bad year. In cheap years, like the last four or five, he ought always to be able to make provisions for bad ones like the present; and our labouring population will soon be in such a position, and are inexcusable if by improvidence they do not so provide.

A recent number of the *Edinburgh Witness* contained an announcement, that Mr. Sheridan Knowles would occupy the pulpit of the Tabernacle, Greenside-place. The *Witness* expressed the conviction, that many would be present "to listen" to the pious and eloquent exposition of Scripture by one of the most distinguished men of the age.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FIREMEN.—The whole of the firemen selected from the London Fire-engine Establishment have now taken up their new quarters at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The works are sufficiently advanced to be insecure without a body of firemen being on the spot, in the event of a fire breaking out. A house has been hired near the Palace for the temporary accommodation of the firemen.

Advertisements.

T. COVELL, Butcher, Lower Sydenham.

ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF 100 YEARS.—**J. R. OUZMAN**, Tailor, &c., Sydenham.

J. MORRIS, Carpenter, Builder, Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker. Upper Sydenham.

G. CLEWLOW, Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, Westow-street, West-hill, Norwood.

R. CHARE, Carpenter, Joiner, &c., Sydenham Hill.

T. CLEWLOW, Boot and Shoe Maker, 5, Ann's-place, opposite the Fox and Hounds, Sydenham.—Repairs neatly done.

W. DEAN, Fancy Bread and Biscuit Baker, Pastry Cook and Confectioner, Upper Sydenham.—N.B. Corn Dealer and Flour Factor.

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WANTED, an original Essay on the above subject. For further particulars apply to the Publishers of the *Crystal Palace Gazette*, at 4, Ann's-place, Sydenham, and 54, Paternoster-row, London.—U. D., 4, Sydenham-place, October, 25, 1853.

ESTABLISHED 1841.—**J. W. LYON**, Furnishing Ironmonger, Stove and Range Maker, Smith, Tinman, Wire Worker, Brazier, Cutler, and Brassmith, Zolli-hanger, Upper Sydenham and Forest Hill. Baths of every description on sale or hire. Builders supplied upon the best terms.

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J. BARRETT, Timber-Merchant, Builder, and Undertaker, begs respectfully to return his sincere thanks to the Inhabitants of Sydenham and its vicinity for the patronage he has received during the last twelve years, and to inform them that he has opened premises in Upper Sydenham, nearly opposite the Fox and Hounds, and hopes, by strict attention to business and moderate charges, to receive a continuance of their favours.

IRONMONGERY, HORSESHOEING, &c.—**JOHN PENNID** most respectfully intimates to his Friends in Sydenham, Norwood, Penge, Forest Hill, Lewisham, and the Public generally, that he continues to execute orders in every department of Ironmongery, Horseshoeing, Mountaineering, Sculptors, Skeleton Irons, &c., &c., on the shortest notice. Kirkdale, opposite the Church, Upper Sydenham, September 24, 1853.

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PLUMBERS by APPOINTMENT to the LAMBETH WATER WORKS.—**ADAMS & PUKISS**, Gas Fitters, Glaziers, House and Decorative Painters, and Paper-hangers, Forest-hill, Sydenham, and Penge, beg most respectfully to inform the inhabitants of this vicinity that, in addition to their well-selected stock of Paper-hangers, Gas Chandeliers, Pendants, Pillars, &c., they have added the OIL and COLOUR TRADE to their business at High-street, Upper Sydenham, where every article will be sold at London prices. Estimates given for General Repairs. Writing, Graining, and Gilding. Water-clocks fixed and repaired. An extensive assortment of paper-hanging always in stock. House and Estate Agents.

SYDENHAM GAS & COKE COMPANY.—The Directors of the above Company wish respectfully to call the attention of the Inhabitants of Sydenham, Forest-hill, and Norwood, to the great benefit which arises to Private Families and Inns, by the adoption of GAS FOR COOKING, in the place of the Kitchen Range. The Cleanliness, Economy, and saving of labour in culinary operations by this mode only require to be known to be generally approved.

The application of Gas to these purposes, and heating of baths, is now becoming, in some of the principal cities and towns in England and Scotland, of great moment; and it is to be supposed that a place like Sydenham should be somewhat in advance of the times for the adoption of what is really a modern improvement. A variety of simple and efficient apparatus are now obtainable in London, at cheap rates, from most of the respectable Gas-fitters; or information may be had on the subject on application at the Company's Office, Upper Sydenham, where terms for hiring on and supplying the Gas may be known.

W. M. STEARS,

Gas Works Office, Sydenham. Engineer and Manager.

N.B.—COKE and TAR always on sale at the works.

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W. EARLY, the old-established China, Glass, and Staffordshire Warehouse, Wells-road, near the Windmill, Upper Sydenham. China and Glass carefully packed. Goods sent on hire. Riveting and Matching. Lamp Shades of every description. Flower Pots, Drain Pipes, &c.

URGENT APPEAL.—Subscribers to the National Benevolent Society and others kindly disposed, are earnestly appealed to in behalf of a Lady, aged 66, nearly blind, whose sole income is £3 per annum. The Annual Election will take place November 14th, this being her third candidature. The smallest Subscription or Votes (purchased at the Institution, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury) will be gratefully received by Miss England, Strathbury House, Putney, Surrey, and W. Nicholls, 54, Paternoster-row. Full particulars afforded.

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AN ELEGANT VILLA RESIDENCE, delightfully situated on BEULAH HILL, UPPER NORWOOD, in the County of Surrey, within twenty minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, and embracing a very extensive and uninterrupted view of the Surrey and Kent hills.

IT IS PLACED ENTIRELY WITHIN ITS OWN GROUNDS. Erected in the most substantial manner, in the Italian style of Architecture, and with every regard to comfort and convenience.

IT IS APPROACHED BY A CARRIAGE DRIVE, WITH ENTRANCE LODGE.

And contains on the UPPER FLOOR,—Bow Bed-room, Dressing-room, another Bed-room, and Room in Room Tower.

FIRST FLOOR,—Three Bed-rooms, Bath-room leading to Bell Tower, and Water Closet, Two Servants' Rooms, Nursery, and Secondary Staircase.

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A NOBLE DRAWING-ROOM, 40 feet by 18 feet, and 14 feet high.

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The Domestic Offices are well arranged, and comprise Kitchen, Scullery, Housekeeper's-room, Pantry, and Pantry, and Cold Cellars; Paved Yard, Water Closet, Washhouse, Dairy, and Furnace and Wood-house.

At a convenient distance from the Residence are,—

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Corn Room, Henhouse, Farm Yard, Barn, Cowhouse, and convenient Sheds.

VERDANT LAWN SLOPING TO THE SOUTH, ORNAMENTAL LAKE STORED WITH FISH.

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Pleasure Grounds and Flower Beds tastefully disposed, well-stocked Kitchen Garden and Tool House.

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TWO ENCLOSURES OF EXCELLENT MEADOW-LAND,

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(Be the same more or less.)

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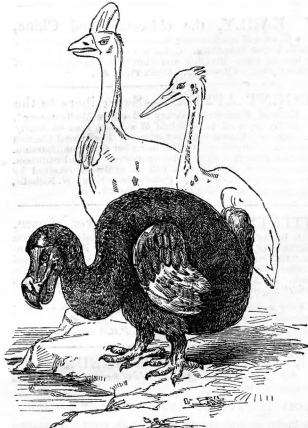
The Purchaser is to take the Fixtures at a fair valuation.

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Our Ornithological Department.

THE DODO.



FAC-SIMILE OF SAVERY'S PICTURE OF THE DODO IN THE ROYAL GALLERY AT BERLIN.

This bird was once a native of the Mauritius, a small island east of Madagascar; but the species has been utterly exterminated for nearly two centuries. The history of these brevipennate birds is as remarkable as their organization. Their native islands were first colonized by man about 1630, in the reign of Charles the First, when these strange creatures were soon completely destroyed, leaving but a few osseous traces, and rude sketches by travellers, of their existence; so that modern writers on Natural History have regarded the description of them by early navigators as exaggerated or untrue, and they have been classified amongst the fabulous, like the griffin and phoenix of mythological antiquity. Their habits, and the quality of their flesh as food, has been described in prose and sung in verse:—

"For food the seamen hunt the flesh of feathered fowl,
They tap the palms, the round-sterned dodos they destroy.

The parrot's life they spare that he may scream and howl,
And thus his fellows to imprisonment decoy."

Sir Thomas Herbert visited the island in 1627, and describes this bird as follows:—

The dodo, a bird the Dutch call *Walghvogel*, or *Dod Eersen*; her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, or that her corpulence, and so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pound; meat it is with some, but better to the eye than stomach; such as only a strong appetite can vanquish; but otherwise, through its oyliness, it cannot chuse but quickly cloy and nauseate the stomach, being indeed more pleasurable to look than feed upon. It is of a melancholy visage, as sensible of Nature's injury in framing so massive a body to be directed by complemental wings, such indeed as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to rank her amongst birds; her head is variously drest, for one half is hooded with down of a dark colour; the other half naked, and of a white hue, as if lawn were drawn over it; her bill hooks and bends downwards; the thrill, or breathing-place, is in the midst; from which part to the end the colour is of a light green, mixt with a pale yellow; her eyes are round and bright, and instead of feathers has a most fine down; her train (like to a Chyna beard) is no more than three or four short feathers; her legs are thick and black; her talions great; her stomach fiery, so as she can easily digest stones, in that respect, and also in shape, not a little resembling the Ostrich.

Françoise Cauche, in the account of his voyage made in 1638, published in the "Relations True and Curious of the Isle of Madagascar" (Paris, 1651), says that he saw in Mauritius birds called *Oiseaux de Nazaret*, larger than a swan, covered with black down, with curled feathers on the rump, and similar ones in place of wings; that the beak was large and curved, the legs scaly, the nest made of herbs heaped together; that they lay but one egg, the size of a halfpenny roll; and that the young ones have a stone in the gizzard. This extraordinary bird was brought alive to Europe, and exhibited in this country. Sir Hamon Lestrange says:—

About 1668, as I walked London streets, I saw the picture of a strange fowle hung out upon a cloth, and myself, with one or two more then in company, went in to see it. It was kept in a chamber, and was a great fowle, somewhat bigger than the largest Turkey-cock, and so legged and footed, but stouter and thicker and of a more erect shape, coloured before like the breast of a

young cock fesan, and on the back of dunn or deare colour. The keeper called it a Dodo, and in the ende of a chimney in the chamber there lay a heape of large grebble stones, whereof hee gave it many in our sight, some as bigg as nutmegs, and the keeper told us shee eats them (conducting to digestion), and though I remember not how farr the keeper was questioned therein, yet I am confident that afterwards shee cast them all again.

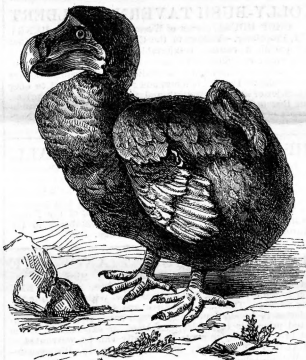
The effort to realize this extinct creature was entrusted to Mr. Bartlett, who is now chief assistant to Mr. Thompson, superintendent of the zoological and ornithological department of the Crystal Palace. How he has executed the task the following testimonial from the late unfortunate Hugh E. Strickland, author of the "History, Affinities, and Osteology of the Dodo,"—who lately lost his life in his too eager desire for information—will unequivocally substantiate:—

I have inspected the artificial model of the Dodo lately constructed by Mr. Bartlett, and I am of opinion that it exhibits with great accuracy the form, dimensions, and colour of that extinct bird, as far as these characters can be ascertained from the evidences which exist. The model, also, does great credit to Mr. Bartlett's skill, and to his practical acquaintance with the structure of birds.

H. E. STRICKLAND.

16A, Great College street.

Buffon and his school call the Dodo "*un oiseau bizarre*," and fancy that this imperfection was the result of the youthful impatience of the newly-formed volcanic islands which gave birth to the Dodo; and imply, that a steady old continent would have produced a much better article. How much better it would have been for them to remember, that organized beings are constructed to sustain their own existence, not for admiration; and that its perfection consists in the adaptation of its structure to the supply of its peculiar wants. We find the meanest animalcule is equally perfect for its own destined functions, as man, who considers himself lord of the creation.



FAC-SIMILE OF SAVERY'S PICTURE OF THE DODO IN THE BELVEDERE AT VIENNA.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The gardeners are busily engaged in housing the various plants for the winter; and very fine they look. Some thousands are grouped together at the south-western end of the building, awaiting their time and season for displaying their innumerable varieties of colour and form—some singly, others in masses of rich and brilliant hues; wafting their odoriferous perfume to the sense, and their dazzlingly-gorgeous beauty to the sight.

Who loves not flowers? What emotions do they not conjure up! The youthful are delighted with their rich colours and gay appearance—fit emblem of their own gay spirits and happy prospects. Those of more mature age find gratification in their beauty and diversity, and their suggestions to the heart and memory. The aged often feel their exhilarating influence in an extraordinary degree; in their presence living over again earlier days, and more fondly cherishing the reminiscences of the chequered past.

This department of the People's Palace is not one of art or science, but a collection of Nature's own beauties, gathered from all climes and countries—from the torrid, temperate, and frigid zones—for the instruction and entertainment of

us denizens of a northern isle. The whole of the camellias have now arrived from Messrs. Lodige's, and some of them are showing flower. Several specimens of the Indian-rubber plant we also observe; and a splendid myrtle, from the flowers of which tree the French perfume called *eau d'ange* is obtained. Upwards of twenty thousand geraniums, petunias (marvel of Peru-flowered), purple-flowered, &c., heliotropiums, short-leaved, flax-leaved, wave-leaved, &c., calceolarias, and verbenas, the elegant, the pleasing, the sulphur-coloured, and a variety of other sorts, together with numerous *recherché* shrubs and plants—a treat both rich and rare to the professional gardener, to the amateur, and to the public generally.

STATUE OF A BORNEON GIRL.

The accompanying engraving is after a photograph from a beautiful figure of a Borneon female, forming one of Dr. Latham's ethnological series. It is easy, natural, and peculiarly characteristic of the race it represents; and has been modelled in a masterly style by our friend, Mr. David Dunbar, sen.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY'S NEW PALACE.—This palace is being built of stone and marble at Dolma Bakché, and approached through a costly triumphal gateway. The architect is an Armenian, the son of the Sultan's builder. The frontage extends along the Bosphorus from Dolma Bakché to Beshik Tash, with a facade of upwards of 1,000 feet, in a most commanding situation. The palace is built on piles. The hall is magnificently decorated. The baths are fitted up with Egyptian alabaster. The great staircase is lighted by a large skylight of crimson coloured glass. The harem contains apartments for 300 or 400 women.

Printed by SAMUEL COCKSHAW, 6, Horse-shoe-court, Ludgate-hill, London, and published (for the Proprietors) by JOHN WESLEY and Co., Paternoster-row; and may be had of WATSON and Co., Darlington; SMITH, Great-Bridge; ATOCK, Doncaster; DAVIES, Shrewsbury; and all Booksellers.